

Sleepy heads

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Summary: Hijack Smut Week is on! day 1: First Time. I guess that says it all. A/N: I can't write smut.

Sleepy heads

The glow of the TV gave the room a soft green hue, the forests from Eragon lightening the flat screen mounted on the wall. A pale hand petted absentmindedly the auburn tresses of the smaller boy cuddled next to him in the Queen bed of the room, his chest slowly breathing in and out, serving as a warm, comfy pillow for the freckled teen in the green pajamas.

"Jack! We're leaving" shouted the voice of a woman in the first floor, an excited shrill of laughter coming from what sounded like a little girl.

Jack half-seated in his place, mindful of not moving the other out of his place "Alright, have fun Emma!" his little sister was going to a big birthday party, especially excited by the fact this one was at night, something very rare for kids their age, and the parents had agreed on the condition of them being there, so Jack would have the house for himself for a good four hours or until the little ball of energy that was his sister felt tired enough to go back home.

The door closed downstairs and the white head of hair settled itself back against the pillows, shuffling a bit to lay lightly on his side so he could use the head over his chest as a pillow as well.

A sigh blew the fabric of his shirt "Wish I had as much energy as her" a sleepy voice rumbled against his ribcage, making him chuckle in return.

"You've been awake for almost three days on a row, Hic, don't give me that" Jack felt Hiccup smile against him, and nuzzle his head against the cold hand on his hair. They have bunked up at Jack's house for

the last three days, fueled by nothing more than sandwiches, sugary black coffee and the need to pass the upcoming finals. It would've taken less, but Jack wasn't known to understand hard subjects in a few days, so what Hiccup had managed to do with calculus, physics and biology counted as enough a feature to earn them (him) a well deserved day dedicated only to laze around and have decent food. Now they were in Jack's room, curled against each other under the fluffy blankets, watching the movie Jack had taken at random from the stash (Hiccup had been thrilled at the idea of dragons but, he said, it was a pity the books were just so much better).

Feeling the weight of spending so much time awake, both of them were almost falling asleep, but their stubbornness managed to get their eyes half opened and focused in the story. The soft smell of mint reached the brunet's nose, and he remembered the long shower Jack had taken while Hiccup put all their books and materials away, and the bottle of scented shampoo he had seen in the teen's personal bathroom when he used it afterwards to clean himself as well (he was more inclined to use hazelnut, a small bottle of the product in the bag he'd filled with what Jack called 'sleepover supplies'). Raising his head towards the smell, his face brushed against the pale neck using him as support, where the scent was just as strong .

Jack laughed at the way Hiccup nuzzled his neck, like a kitten trying to find the smallest place possible to hide and sleep. Lowering his own head, he brushed his lips against the boy's forehead, depositing small kisses down the side of his face and over every freckle he could reach without snapping his neck from the position. Although it didn't matter after Hiccup decided to turn his body fully, laying on his stomach and stretching his neck up to bury himself further into the warm crook of Jack's neck, returning every little kiss he received as well.

Both had started to giggle (they were alone, who cared about stupid girly giggles), the ticklish sensation too much for their overly relaxed bodies. Hiccup wiggled his left arm from under Jack and the one curled against his chest, and wound them loosely around the neck of his boyfriend, pushing himself forward with all the strenght he could muster from his laying position, and moved his mouth from the pale neck up his jawline, following an intermitent invisible line along the bone structure, reaching his cheek to repeat the treatement to the almost invisible freckles near his nose, to finally stop hovering over the smiling lips of the teen, not having time to decide otherwise when Jack closed the distance and kissed him softly.

Hiccup hummed in the middle of the kiss, the cold hand slowly rubbing up and down his back making him shiver in a non-uncomfortable at all way. He felt the hand in his hair twitch and the fingers dig lightly into his scalp, little waves of electricity shooting down his spine at the light tug, a whine escaping from his throat. Jack chuckled against his mouth, repeating the actions again and again, until Hiccup was squirming, trying to push his head more into the wonderful hand, and at the same time trying to get him to stop so he could stop the embarrassing sounds coming from his throat.

The hand finally stoped, a mixture between a happy sigh and an annoyed whine forming a weird kind of growl from the brunet, but it was quickly quelled by the feel of something warm and wet proding against his lips. Without thinking, his mouth opened, giving access

to the intruding tongue into his mouth, the sudden movement causing his whole body to jump and his eyes to open (When had he closed them?), even if the action wasn't uncommon for them, it was a weird feeling being as tucked out as he was. His arms straightened, propping him up and over into Jack, his body finding a more comfortable position completely laid over his chest, legs intertwining with the ones clad in the blue pajamas.

Jack's arms found his way around the boy's waist, holding him more firmly against his body and up near his face, eyes half-lidded and watching the green eyes right in front of his haze over slowly, eyelids fighting to stay the smallest sliver open to stare back at the icy blue ones twinkling in his direction. Hiccup's eyes opened fully, however, when the same hands holding his waist travelled down suddenly, a gasp leaving him at the squeeze to his rump.

Hiccup snapped his neck back, separating himself from Jack to stare accusingly at him, the boy's response a smirk and a chuckle, added to another squeeze a bit stronger. "Oops" Jack's voice was the slightest bit hoarse, the single word uttered with an even deeper tone than usual, and Hiccup had to hide his face back in the strong neck in front of him to conceal the shiver running back up his spine to his face, making him bite his lower lip to stop himself from keening.

The sudden movement of Jack's body under him took him by surprise and didn't give him time to think, the fairly stronger boy turning him around onto his back over the mattress, perching himself on top this time, face coming down to nip at the thin, long neck exposed due to the bouncing effect from the springs. A small moan managed to slip between his crooked teeth, hands holding Jack's shoulders, undecided between pushing him away or pulling him closer. He did the latter after feeling long fingers grip his hips gently over the fabric now threatening to slid down with all the movement.

"Jack..." The mentioned breathed over the small wet spot his mouth had left right under his left ear, nipping the lobe in response to the throaty exhale ruffling his white hair.

"You sure you don't have energy right now?" Jack murmured next to his ear, his hand moving slowly, half touching the fabric of his underwear peeping over the edge of his pants, half grazing the tan skin of his lower abdomen, the cold hands somehow scalding over the dust of freckles mapping over it. "Don't know about you, but I'm having so much \_fun\_ right now"

His voice echoed in the quiet room, the movie having ended at some point during the whole affair, leaving the place illuminated with the electric blue of the DVD main screen, the light blocked by Jack's body and surrounding him in a way it accentuated the wild spikes of his hair and the shimmering blue of his eyes. Hiccup moved his fingers on Jack shoulders, softly massaging the muscles and relaxing them enough to make his arms falter and his body drop a few inches, chests heaving against each other although not completely touching.

Trusting his legs to hold him straight, Jack moved his hands away from his perch, away from the bony hips and up and under the soft fabric of the green top, slowly, almost questioningly gracing his sides along the slight curve of his waist and over his chest. Jack

had always marveled at how Hiccup's chest was smooth and even, contrary to the general idea of him being all jutting out bones and skin, and a rush of glee flowed through him at the thought he was possibly the only one who knew otherwise, by mere personal experience.

Blue eyes stared at green ones, a glint of worry in them, silently asking him if he should, if he could continue with the path he was steadily rushing forward to, ready to stop if somehow the smaller boy was the tiniest bit uncomfortable, unsure, heck, if he wanted to stop and just sleep the next two days away he would turn back to his spot and will his 'enthusiasm' away.

A few seconds in silence, and the warm hands in his shoulders slid up to his jaw, tenderly moving his face forward into a slow, languid kiss, the brunet moving his head along to deepen it in his position against the pillows. Just as slow as he went he ended it, trying to take in as much of the lingering touch as possible, his eyes glazed over and half lidded once again, staring lovingly at Jack's own misted expression.

"Go on" The soft whisper shot warmth down Jack's limbs and up his neck, a not so small part of it going down and fueling his hands to start wandering over skin again, his body rocking at the same rhythm his hands had stuck to, rubbing the skin from warm to hot to trembling, his forearms moving the tiniest bit upwards with each stroke, pushing the top slowly over Hiccup's chest, revealing a map of freckles slightly paler than the rest of exposed skin, his stomach pleasantly trembling under the feathery touch of Jack's pale hands.

Removing the clothing the rest of the way, Jack threw it away with a quick twist of the hand, stopping afterwards to just take in the wonderful sight of his bare boyfrined, skin flushed all over from face to navel, chest and stomach heaving in need of air, eyes practically closed, with only the tiniest bit of color shining through long lashes, hands thrown haphazardly besides his head after dropping from Jack's shoulders.

Jack dove in, latching onto one of the perk nubs practically screaming for attention, Hiccup's back arching off the mattress at the sudden movement, a groan his only response to the wet warmth surrounding him. Jack had redirected his left hand down, and was now...tickling him out of all things, softly twirling his fingers over his stomach and grinning at the way Hiccup's body writhed trying to decide if he should laugh or cry at the combined sensations.

He did none, however, instead deciding two could play that game. He leaned forward, lifting his upper back from the pillows and biting rather hard into Jack's shoulder, not enough to draw blood, but enough to make Jack respond with a bite of his own, the sharp feeling of being bitten back making Hiccup's stomach clench and the tickling to feel just the more awful (In a way, sort of, it was actually kind of nice, given the situation).

Hiccup muttered something about 'unfair', and managed to slip his own hands under Jack's shirt, much quickly getting it off of the way, but instead of throwing it away, he brought it up to surround Jack's neck and push him up towards his face to stay eye-leveled again. "Are you going to do something at all or can I fall asleep at once" The words

were uttered in a hushed tone, every single ounce of drowsyness that might have tainted them once now replaced by the roughness of a throat that had been taking in air way too fast.

Jack smirked and pecked him quickly. "Alright, alright, don't get your panties on a twist, I'll get to it...eventually" Before any sort of protest could come from the brunet, Jack ducked his head to free himself from the hold of his own shirt, sliding down again to his belly, nipping all around the navel and trailing further down. His fingers slipped under the waistband of both Hiccup's pants and boxers, dragging them down together and trailing the length of his left leg as he slid them down and off. He stopped momentarily to kiss the scarred skin of the lump that was left of the leg, the metal prosthetic laying against the dresser at the other side of the room after being strapped on practically the whole time they were up and about as well.

Hiccup whined, not really being able to feel the caressing touch due to the dead nerve ends under his knee was one of the few things that made him feel helpless, but he wouldn't let that bother him when with Jack, the only moments when he felt like being whole, the handicapness as superfluous as to why his boyfriend's hair had turned white naturally along his teen years, little abnormalities that just made them the better together.

Now completely bare, Hiccup couldn't help the way his legs retreated to curl over his abdomen, no matter how many times they've seen each other like this, years of being ignored for his scrawny complexion having left their mark over his self-esteem. Jack gently massaged his knees and right calf, leaning over the barrier to kiss Hiccup's forehead over the bangs. "It's alright, you're perfect, okay?" Sometimes he didn't want to believe him, but Hiccup had to admit that it was nice being told how much someone actually liked his appearance, and he just laid there, drinking in every little compliment or kind word Jack would mutter against his skin, never stopping the movement of his hands around his body, slowly ebbing away every fear and replacing it with a warm sense of belonging.

Slowly, Jack managed to get the freckled legs to open, first pulling them down straight against the bed, then bending them up again, this time to a proper position so he could spread them just enough to expose Hiccup only to him, as if someone could be lurking around to watch and Jack was just that paranoid with his Hiccup so why the fuck not.

The fact that this wasn't the first time they've gotten this far didn't stop Hiccup's gasp when a hot, wet intruder paved its way along his length, slowly mapping the path that way too many times had been cursed, cold hands firmly holding the back of his knees to prevent them from closing, only allowing them to tremble and jerk violently in response to the feeling.

"Oh go-ods" Hiccup choked on his own words, which were a miracle could be uttered at this point, especially when Jack had changed form just licking his member to a combination of stroking and mouthing, an especially wicked chuckle adding vibrations to the mix when Hiccup's hand wound itself in the mop of white hair, not really pushing him forward but more like a 'good job' pat, fingers weaving through the spiky strands in rhythm with the mouth of their owner. The almost

tender caress turning into a nearly painful grasp the moment Jack decided it was a good moment as any to just go the whole way and took the flesh into his mouth completely in one go.

The bed bounced with each bob of his head, Hiccup's body too lax to prove any sort of resistance against the movement, soft moaning resounding in chorus with the sounds Jack would make (on purpose, the little rat) every time the tip would touch the back of his throat. A couple more times and Jack released him, blowing a cold breeze over the slicked skin, drawing a whimper from the brunet.

They stopped. Usually after reaching this point Hiccup would return the favor and both would just finish each other off, and they would take a shower or go to sleep, too tired to move anymore, but the funny thing was that at this precise moment, when they should be fainting in their places out of pure tiredness, both seemed to be more awake than they've been even before deciding that books ruled over sleep. What would they do now? Hiccup could just do his part and they could try to go back to sleep, but it was as if a reserve generator had been activated within them, and it could not be stopped until...until what?

"Hic" Jack called him, moving almost tentatively to lay on all fours over him, his own clothed erect member brushing over Hiccup's, causing them both to shudder. Hiccup lazily brought his hands up to hold Jack's face, the phantom of a smile over his face, compelling him to say what he already suspected he wanted to say. "I don't...know...if you feel ready yet but...I thought that maybe I could, we could maybe...go all the way now?" He flinched after finishing, waiting for words of rejection to answer him, 'I don't feel like doing that yet', 'I'm scared', 'can we try next time?', or even the one that scared him the most: 'I don't think I want to do this with you'. Oh god, Jack wanted to bang his head against the wall, stupid, stupid, stu-

Soft lips enveloping his awoke him from his thoughts, legs wrapping around his hips and pushing further down, the contact of fevered skin making them moan in each other's mouth. Hiccup separated from him to a hair's distance to speak again. "I think now's good as it'll ever be, don't you?" He trailed his hands over Jack's shoulders and down his chest, trying to reinforce his answer with body language. Yes, he wanted to, yes, right now, in this empty house, with the screen still on and wasting electricity, with Jack still wearing his fluffy blue pajama pants and his snowflake printed underwear. In fact, you know what, no, that last part had to go.

Sitting himself straight, Hiccup slid his hand down Jack's waist, stretching his arms as far as possible to slide the bothering clothing out of the way, but damn his arms, he couldn't past mid-tight from his position. Jack laughed and stood from the bed to properly shake the offending pieces of fabric off, grinning at the dumbfounded expression Hiccup would always make when Jack got naked, no matter how many times he'd seen him. Taking advantage of his frozen little partner, Jack slid to sit behind him, pale chest against dotted back, legs closing around bony hips in a cradle of sorts. The thing Jack loved about this position was that he had complete access to every last piece of Hiccup he could reach, which were all of them. Snaking his arms around the waist in front of him, Jack rubbed Hiccup's stomach a few times before going down, grabbing the still stiff cock and expertly stroking up and down, the movement

helped by the rhythmic swaying of hips Hiccup couldn't help doing. His other hand had wandered up, toying with the nipple that still hadn't gotten any attention, working it to a perk nub before going up still, index and middle fingers hooking carefully on Hiccup's mouth, gently opening it to work them against his tongue and at the same time let the moans Hiccup wanted to hold in out.

Jack couldn't help but hump him a little, the jerking movements and rather lewd noises from the brunet working him up faster than anything has ever done, his whole body drapping over the tanned back that turned the movement of his hips in a full-body sway that did nothing but make Hiccup move better against his hand. A grip around his neck brought Jack's face down and flush against Hiccup's neck, the message clear as Jack rolled his tongue over the expanse of soft skin and received a mewl in response, shivers running incesantly down the brunet's spine and making his hips jerk roughly.

At some point Jack felt Hiccup's hips move in a different way, with purpose rather than following the flow, and he noticed Hic was trying to get the hand stroking him to go lower down. Jack could feel Hiccup's pulse accelerate against his mouth, skin flushed red in a mixture of embarrassment and want, and Jack could only oblique and pump the shaft in his hands a couple more times before sliding his hand down, stroking over the perineum and sliding between his cheeks to reach his goal. Rather than stay there, Jack moved his hand back up to the small patch of skin between the sack and anus, there being a sensible point that was sure to work with his plans. It did.

Meanwhile, the fingers located in Hiccup's mouth, now thoroughly wet with saliva, took the place of sliding towards the puckered entrance, the slickness making it far easier to slide around the outer edge, replacing kinda poorly what could have been a better lubricant, but this has come from nowhere, so improvisation was needed. Hiccup was panting now, his mouth free to at least not hurt his jaw for being so open for so long, saliva dribbling down his chin towards his chest, following the whole path Jack's hand had taken to its actual position.

Jack's finger poked his entrance slightly, slowly getting him used to the idea of actually having something opening its way in him, gentle jabs introducing the tip of the finger a milimeter more each time. Jack felt the way Hiccup's muscles fought between the natural impulse to clench and pry the intruder away, and the brunet's own will trying to relax and just let it happen, the latter gaining a great advantage when Jack's other hand came up to stroke the now leaking member, the rush of pleasure relaxing whatever muscle had tensed up in the process.

"Do it at once, d-dammit" Hiccup panted, propping himself up and slightly hovering above the mattress so Jack's hand could be at a better angle, his hips coming down jerkily to try and take it in at once, but a twinge of nervousness stopped him from actually accomplishing anything. Jack nipped at his shoulder, holding him by the waist in the place he was in, before slowly pushing the finger in in one go, making sure to not hurt him with the precarious way he did so.

Hiccup cried out, it feeling more like an uncomfortable pressure than actual pain, and had to take a few breaths in between before giving

the okay so Jack could start slowly thrusting it in and out, adding speed each time Hiccup's whines would turn to gasps or even a few soft moaning, until finally his hand was working him so fast the brunet didn't notice the second finger worming his way in as well, but he did notice the third, breath hitching and body jumping in place before slumping down again, already used to the weird, needle-like sensation that spread like ice down his legs.

"Jack I-I think I'm ready" Hiccup said, turning his head to look at Jack in the eyes, even if his own watery ones kind of took effect from the statement.

Jack snorted. "Y'know, every time I imagine this going down (Hiccup glared at him), usually \_I'm \_the one getting pushy"

"Jackson Overland if you keep me like this a minute more I'll personally make sure to drown you in a lake so cold your body will froze and sink to the bottom where no one will ever find you"

"Wow, someone's really desperate"

"\_JACK!\_"

"Okay, okay, just let me-" Jack pried his hands and body away from Hiccup, crawling around him to settle back between the brunet's legs. "Hey, joking aside, are you sure you're ready?" The concern in his voice made Hiccup chuckle.

"Yeah, I'm sure, go ahead" He paused to bite his lip in thought. "Although...go slow, anyway, please?"

Jack nodded dutifully, leaning forward to kiss him slowly, his hands holding his hips firmly as he slowly worked his way in, his mouth swallowing the pitched keen Hiccup made from being breached. Jack stopped for a moment, letting him catch his breath before getting a better grip on his hips to continue. It was a while before skin touched skin, hips flush against each other, Hiccup's ragged breath the only sound in the room. Jack brought his hand up to wipe away the small tears trickling down the freckled cheeks, his mouth as well depositing a loving kiss over Hiccup's own swollen ones from biting on them so hard.

Every movement stopped, only their chests rising and falling with the effort of getting a hold of themselves and their hands slowly caressing each other. Hiccup inhaled deeply and sighed heavily, all his form slumping down and Jack could feel his muscles relaxing around him, which he took as a cue to rock slightly in place, and upon receiving nothing apart from a ragged exhale he decided it was now or never. "Hey Hic"

"Hmm?" The brunet seemed almost too relaxed to focus in anything, and Jack chuckled in his ear.

"I love you"

Hiccup gasped when the feeling of fullness changed to emptiness, just to be filled once again, and again, and again. He let out a high-pitched noise, only just realising he was moaning, the heat spreading all over his body, from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, added to the rocking motion of their bodies and the bed



making the (embarrassing) sounds come out way more easily than he'd like. It still stung, but the fact that Jack was for some inhuman reason as cold as ice every single day had made him used to the feeling of being punctured by cold, which wasn't so different from the feeling now rendering his legs completely useless against the firm hold Jack had in them. Mustering strenght from gods-know-where he managed to grap his arms tightly around Jack's neck, holding onto him for dear life as more sounds spilled from his mouth.

Jack was in heaven. Seriously, if Hiccup kept his threat and decided to drown him after this he'd die happy. The brunet was warm and oh so tight, don't confuse, Jack was a first timer as well so no way in knowing if this felt better than with someone else, but themere fact that it was happening, with the boy he loved, oh man, it was a miracle he wasn't done already. He grunted in response to every groan and moan, any other sound he could muster up swallowed down to keep his breath and push just a bit harder, a bit faster agains the tan skin against his own.

Maneuvering his hips, Jack proved around, trying to find just the perfect angle when a sudden scream tugged a smirk from his lips and, accomodating the other teen slightly, he thrusted with all the energy he could into the bundle of nerves, making Hiccup rock his hips back, searching for more of that awfully sweet friction. Jack yelped when a sudden shift in weight propped him backwards, his arms shooting out to hold him seated on the matress when the brunet decided to take a more active role and seated himself over the older's lap, grinding down and holding his head against the crook of Jack's neck, panting heavily against flushed skin.

Jack accomodated his legs so his knees would serve as support for the other, somehow managing to hold their whole weight combined with one hand propping them up, the other softly ruffling the damp strands of auburn air tickling his cheek. He groaned when Hiccup deemed it good enough a moment to start slowly rising and falling, legs flat against the bed and using mostly his dotted tights to lift his body up and against Jack's abdomen as well, the friction of the hard muscles against his member making the electric feeling rush faster down his spine (and he knew about 'electric', a small incident with a thunderstorm and him holding a metal bucket in the garden, why he was still alive was still a mystery).

Finally it became obvious none of them could hold themselves any longer, Jack lowering his hand from Hiccup's hair to his cock, pumping him with quick motions and twists of the wrist, Hiccup moaning higher and higher by the second, until he choked on his own breath and bit down hard on Jack's shoulder, stiffling the yell that anounced him reaching his peak, white soon covering both their abdomens. Jack pushed him back flat against the bed, thrusting one, two, three times before he groaned and came as well, his member twitching inside his boyfriend after releasing his own load.

Jack sighed and slumped his head on Hiccup's chest, hugging the brunet tightly and humming as soft hands came to trace random patterns over his back. "I'm gonna take one of your blogger kirks and say, I can't even"

Hiccup giggled "Totally zero cans" He sighed happily against Jack's forehead. "I don't think I'll be able to move tomorrow...at all"

"Well, what did you expect, I'm just that awesome" His grin was swipped off his face with a clean hit of a pillow, only to be replaced with a loud, almost barking laugh. "Hey! No fair, I can't take one, they're all under your head"

Hiccup snorted and pulled the blanket from the place where it had fallen to the floor when the whole ordeal started, and pulled it over them, making Jack move so they could be both laying on their sides face-to-face, cringing at the sticky mess all over their stomachs. "We're taking a shower later, if somehow I can still use my legs"

"Aye, captain" Jack pulled him flush against him, tucking him under his chin and hugging him again. "But first we're taking a nap, too tired to do shit right now"

Hiccup hummed "Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"Love you too...gods that was so cliché" He huffed, eyes closed and voice dying to a whisper

"Well then, I cliché you with all my heart" Jack whispered back, eyes closed as well.

A half an hour of silence before the sound of a door opening and shutting yanked them from sleep. Footsteps of someone climbing upstairs and the sound of the door the other side of the hallway making it clear that Jack's mother and sister were back (the latter probably dead to the world and carried to her room). The steps passed next to their door and went back downstairs, towards the main bedroom.

"...Jack?...How are we going out without them noticing now?"

"...Well, shit"

End  
file.